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BY WILLIAM S. WHITE

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BEREA, OHIO

FEBRUARY 27, 1956

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Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

Originally we thought Ike wouldn't run after his heart attack, and we hoped he'd step out. His contribution to America has been sizable. He gave passionate GOP partisans a bridge to cross over to Truman-Acheson internationalism (under a different name of course), and he acted like a sedative for neurotic millions obsessed by Communists-in-government fixations. After 20 years of the Democrats it was necessary and healthy to give their rivals an inning, and Ike proved a reasonable leader, we think, for the inevitable period of conservative consolidation that comes after every great social revolution. On the whole, Ike has not tried to repeal the New Deal but has accepted it.

Now we'll soon know Ike's decision. Just recently it has looked as though the GOP's agonized arm-twisting was having results. The terms under which the panel of doctors discussed Ike's health at the White House indicated their own view that he would run and certainly made it harder for him to refuse; the veto of the gas bill neatly undercut the Democrats' "give-away" argument against the GOP and didn't look like the act of a man contemplating giving up politics.

If Ike runs and is re-elected it means, we think, a continuation of the regency. Ike never worked very hard at being President before his heart attack. It seems likely that he would work still less hard after it. He would be 66 at the start of a second term. No President has lived to be 70 in office. No insurance company would now accept him as a normal risk. These are gloomy reflections, but they must be recorded, and they will feature any second term candidacy.

There are two specially disturbing features in this prospect. Already today all over Washington there are examples of regency-government. There has been no central command for months. The Pentagon does not let the State Department know about tanks for Saudi Arabia. The White House does not let Senator Knowland know that it will veto the gas bill. Dulles does not let Ike know about his "at the brink" *Life* article. The Department and their heads are thrashing around independently. But worse than these individual instances of liaison-vacuum is something deeper and more dangerous; in the face of increasing Soviet competition there is no sign of calm Administration advance planning or of bold, imaginative thinking. Moscow acts, and always Washington is taken by surprise. There is no question which has the initiative. America flounders over Middle East policy while its position over Red China's admission to the UN is frozen, and India tends to drift away. Trying to make global strategic plans for the USA was Nelson Rockefeller—he quit; leading the crucial program for long-range guided missiles was Trevor Gardner, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force—he quit, too. This is what a regency means. Ike is supposed now to be carrying a full load of work; Heaven knows, we sympathize with him but it must be pointed out that he requires a daily rest, departs on frequent vacations and has had a psychological shock which seems to drive his mind back to the subject of his attack.

Whether Ike runs or withdraws, Nixon becomes the second big Administration problem. At the GOP Lincoln Day dinner in New York, Nixon thrust partisanship into segregation—the most explosive single issue on the country—and linked the word "Republican" to the Supreme Court's most controversial opinion since Dred Scott. Nixon did this by characteristic indirection, stressing with "a Republican Chief Justice, Earl Warren . . . ordered an end to racial segregation in the nation's public schools." He cited this in a list of supposed GOP favors to Negroes. The Court's opinion was, of course, unanimous. Observers here still gasp at how Warren got unanimity from his fellow prima donnas. It was a pronouncement of splendid statesmanship, stressing the hoped-for goal but putting all emphasis on moderation rather than coercion. Mild though it was, it has already created the most potentially dangerous situation in the United States in years. And it is into this arsenal of explosives that the young man rushed, brandishing a torch and shouting, in effect, that the whole decision was a partisan matter.

At his January 25 press conference Ike said, "My admiration, respect and deep appreciation for Mr. Nixon, I think, are well known" After Nixon's 1954 mid-term election speeches charging Democrats with "softness" toward Communism, Ike first told the press he had not read the speeches, then next day sent Nixon a congratulatory telegram. Ike's attitude toward Nixon is that of a proud father. When the young man is criticized, Ike says he can't understand it.

The gas bill fiasco weakens Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's control over Senate Democrats. In this fight he cooperated throughout with a GOP majority against a majority of his own party. Johnson has followed a smooth, no-attack line toward Ike ever since the Administration took over. This has often meant Congress had no real opposition party. Now the gas bill veto probably shatters the dominant conservative coalition for the rest of the session. It also clears the way for a full inquiry into campaign contributions under young, good-looking Senator Albert Gore (D, Tenn.). Remember though that any real investigation of the oil lobby automatically becomes, before long, an investigation of Congress itself.

Notes: Stumping America in 1952, guileless Ike denounced the size of the national debt which was $267 billion when he took office; today it is more than $280 billion. . . . The United Press recorded General Services Administrator Edmund Mansure's "surprise" resignation, February 7; why "surprise"? This column, January 23, wrote, "We don't see how Ike can keep Mansure." . . . Unwillingness of the State Department or the Pentagon to discuss the camera-equipped weather balloons over Russia creates a suspicion that they had aerial mapping uses. . . . It looks like a veto for the up-coming going-both-ways-at-once farm bill.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

on't Tell Anyone, But Politics Is Expensive

US SENATOR is paid $135,000 for a x-year term ($22,500 a year). He is orbidden by terms of the Corrupt Prac-ces Act to spend more than $25,000 on is election campaign. Yet to get elected the US Senate from a large state in hard contest usually requires expendi-ıre of more than one million dollars.

Few men in public life have the per-onal funds to meet the need. Successful ampaigns are made possible by contri-utions from wealthy patrons or large ıbor organizations. And such contribu-ons are almost indistinguishable from obbying or "influence" money. Honest fforts to campaign within the rules and nder a complete accounting are all but npossible. Television has complicated atters, with the Republican Party hav-g set aside for '56 a $3 million fund r TV alone.

hat is the simplest explanation of he anguish in the Senate over the in-ive inquiry into large campaign con-ribution offered by an oil lobbyist to Sen. Francis Case (R, S.D.) during the atural gas bill debate. Any comprehen-ive inquiry into large campaign con-ributions from groups interested in legislation will turn up the name of virtually every one of the 96 Senators.

There is probably not a man in the Senate who has not violated the laws on campaign contributions and expendi-tures in some respect. Little wonder then that most Senators of both political parties winced at the language of Presi-dent Eisenhower's veto message on the natural gas bill which read in part:

> A body of evidence has accumulated indicating that private persons . . . have been seeking to further their own interests by . . . efforts I deem to be arrogant and so much in defiance of acceptable standards of propriety as to risk creating doubt among the Amer-ican people concerning the integrity of governmental processes.

The problem is more basic than a $2,500 contribution, and much broader than the oil-gas interests, to which the President specifically referred. Its magni-tude is suggested by a two-year study of political contributions, conducted by the University of North Carolina, which established that the 1952 election cam-paign cost in the neighborhood of $150 million, a considerable portion of which was not legally reported.

Among the laws which make honest campaigning difficult is the Corrupt Practices Act of 1911, which established a ceiling of $5,000 on campaign ex-penditures by candidates for the House of Representatives. That ceiling has not been raised in 45 years. The similar Act of 1927 set a ceiling of $25,000 on ex-penditures by Senate candidates. Both limits are meaningless, since they do not apply to expenditures by committees on behalf of the candidate.

The Hatch Act of 1939 limited poli-tical contributions by any individual in any one year to $5,000, but did not pre-clude a man from making identical gifts through all his relatives. And the same Act limited political ex-penditures by a committee to $3 million in one year, but did not limit the num-ber of committees.

The Taft-Hartley Act of 1947 prohibited political contributions by national banks, corporations and labor unions, but took no action against "political affiliates" of these bodies, so long as they maintain separate treasuries. That accounts for the slush funds of both industries and labor unions.

These patchy laws will be brought under review, as the Senate investigates lobbying and campaign expenditures. And there will undoubtedly be a fresh examination of remedies which have re-cently been suggested.

Sen. Richard Neuberger (D, Ore.) proposes in a recent issue of *Christian Century* that campaign expenses be pro-vided by Congressional appropriation, an idea which he traced back to Theo-dore Roosevelt. This is not likely to find much Congressional support.

Sen. Thomas C. Hennings (D, Mo.) has legislation pending before Congress which would raise the spending limit for Senators to $50,000, for Representa-tives to $12,500, for national commit-tees to the neighborhood of $12 million.

Since there is an admitted degree of futility in any such ceilings, probably the most important service to the voter would be a tightening of the reporting requirement for all donors and commit-tees—exposing them to greater publicity —but letting a candidate go to the US Senate without the necessity of circum-venting the law.

"Let's see—what'll I wear today?"

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The Republican "Forward Look" for '56

IN HIS Lincoln Day speech, Vice President Nixon put the '56 GOP model on display. It is designed to break up the New Deal coalition of consumers, Negroes and workers, so that with or without Eisenhower, the Republicans can win. Given present tensions within the Democratic coalition, this strategy may succeed.

With the veto of the natural gas bill, the Administration has claimed championship of consumer interests; and although the President may have done the right thing, for the wrong reason, as Adlai Stevenson put it, certainly the veto was politically "right" in every detail. In pinning his veto on the arrogance of the gas lobby, while fully endorsing the bill's aim, the President softened the blow to the bill's supporters within his own party. At the same time, the veto may nullify Democratic "giveaway" charges, despite the fact that 31 Republican Senators voted for the bill compared to 22 Democrats.

The components of what Mr. Nixon in his speech called "the forward look," are not new. Nixon, for example, said nothing new when he appropriated the Fair Deal spirit, claiming credit for "more schools, more hospitals, more child welfare services, more health insurance, higher wage standards." He simply updated White House economic adviser Gabriel Hauge, who, in San Francisco last October, pledged "a welfare society without the regimentation of a welfare state."

Similarly, Nixon's much-discussed references to civil rights were new only in that they credited the Republicans exclusively with "the greatest advance for the rights of racial minorities since the Emancipation Proclamation." Nor is it new to talk over the heads of labor leaders to the rank and file, advising that "union members are better off today than they have ever been."

What is new about the "forward look" is that Nixon, in effect, served warning that a Republican Party is willing, for the moment, to kiss the South goodbye, if it can raid traditional Democratic ranks elsewhere.

By pouring partisan praise on Warren, Nixon was daring to the point of crudity. Yet he has been only mildly spanked. *New York Times* columnist Arthur Krock scolded Nixon, but in the same breath praised what was "otherwise a well-documented account of the Administration's claims." Frank R. Kent, a conservative Republican voice, termed Nixon's speech "the strongest presentation of the Republican record, and the most effective indictment of the Democrats that has been made. . . ."

Likewise, Nixon's claim that labor wages now reflect "the greatest prosperity in history" is a political thrust hard to counter. When in fact workingmen do feel that times are good, it i not easy to work up emotional stea over the disparity between the nine percent increase in average personal take home pay and the 36 percent paralle increase on the corporation side.

In short, the Democrats are on th defensive, which is exactly where Mr Nixon wants them to be.

Defensive Democrats

HAVING BEEN shoved on the defensiv by two extremes (the NAACP on on side, and White Supremacy advocates o the other), Democratic leadership wi be forced any day now to respond to a ouflanking offensive by the Administra tion on civil rights. And it would sur prise no one if the Attorney-General's proposals to Congress borrowed heavily from Harry S. Truman.

For it was Mr. Truman in 1948 whc in the face of Southern revolt, twic proposed legislation establishing a per manent Civil Rights Commission as we as a Joint Congressional Commissio federal protection against lynching, mo adequate guarantees of the right to vo a permanent FEPC, and the prohibitio of discrimination in inter-state tran portation facilities.

It is now assumed that the Attorney General will at least ask for legislatior forbidding interference, whether by vio lence or poll taxes, with any citizen' right to vote; also, additional appropria tions for the civil-rights section of th Department of Justice; and certainly th setting up of a bipartisan Commission o Civil Rights which would, in effect serve as a built-in-lobby on behalf o anyone whose constitutional rights are threatened or denied.

Aware that any civil-right proposals tend to pull the Democratic coalition apart, both Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver have lately insisted that national (not Republican) policy on school integration has been settled, that the question is not *whether*, but *how*. The burden of Mr. Stevenson's warnings has been the danger of any federal action that would undercut the jurisdiction of the courts over the process of desegregating our schools "with all reasonable speed." "There is a rising tension in the South," he remarked last week.

which has already produced incidents of violence and terror and mob rule,

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and a variety of more subtle forms of intimidation intended to deprive Negro citizens of their rights. But it is not enough just to cry out in emotional protest against these things. Our purpose must be to find an answer to the problem, and I suggest that an answer will never be found by cynical politicians who work to gain votes by pitting angry men against each other.

In the coming weeks, the Democratic coalition will again be put on the rack, not only by the Administration's civil-rights recommendations, but by the probability that the House with the support of Republican leadership, will pass an aid to education bill *with* the anti-segregation Powell Amendment attached, and that this will lead to a Southern filibuster in the Senate and the shelving by this Congress of any aid to education measure.

Moderates have their work cut out for them; and it is probably too much to hope that Mr. Stevenson's plea for a non-political approach to civil rights will be acceptable in an election year. Yet, the spirit of moderation implicit in the Supreme Court decision is essentially correct at this point. Legitimate indignation at injustice, impatience with those who refuse to move quickly or move at all toward full equality for the Negro cannot erase the truth that in a society which derives its authority from the consent of the governed, law has its limits as an instrument for reform.

Bipartisan Fumbling

NEITHER Republicans nor Democrats can take any pride in the farm bill that reached the floor of the Senate last week. It is so full of bugs that leading Senators predicted 50 to 100 amendments on the floor and perhaps a complete rewriting during the debate when no orderly staff work is possible.

Secretary of Agriculture Benson, it is now known, slapped together the President's 9-point farm program as a rush political assignment, with very little consultation among his Department's technicians. The central feature of the plan is the "soil bank," a scheme whereby the government will pay farmers to withdraw acres from the production of basic crops.

Democrats on the Senate Agriculture Committee left the soil bank unchanged, but added to the legislation a substantial

"Will You, Won't You, Will You, Won't You . . ."

EVEN IF the condition of his heart were not involved, Mr. Eisenhower would have ample precedent in recent history for avoiding premature announcement of his availability as a candidate.

In 1940 and four years later, FDR mined the shaft of evasiveness to the bottom. (In 1936, the question of his availability was never raised at a press conference; it was simply assumed he would run.)

On February 6, 1940, reporters were told they were "silly" to press him for an answer. Previously, Mr. Roosevelt had suggested that newsmen who tried to smoke him out should don a dunce cap and stand in a corner; he also cheerfully accused them of staying up all night thinking up ways of trapping him into a declaration.

One month later, the President declined to say whether he would withdraw his name from the ballot in Pennsylvania, or let it remain; on July 3, he ducked another question by saying it was "iffy," that he was "not even a minor prophet"; a week after, an ingenious questioner told Mr. Roosevelt that a group of reporters were to conduct a radio round-table discussion and wondered what the President thought they should say about the elections. FDR inquired as to the hour, and when he was told after 11 p.m., he said he would be asleep by then.

Again, on July 13, Mr. Roosevelt chose not to say whether he would accept nomination.

Two days later, he was nominated.

"Mr. President," a reporter asked on February 9, 1944, "would you accept a fourth-term nomination?"

"Well," replied The Chief, "that is one of them things."

In May of '44, he was pressed again. "Oh look, look, I have just got back and will not talk about that subject now anymore than in the past."

"It's only 71 days until the Democratic convention," the reporter persisted. To which Mr. Roosevelt remarked that someone had been counting.

"Yes sir, on the calendar," the correspondent replied. Mr. Roosevelt shook his head, said that *he* had not been counting and considered it "a bad habit."

In May, the President laughingly confided that "time will tell." He asked 99 news and radio reporters on July 8 how they managed to work out so many varieties of the same query. As for whether he would say anything prior to the convention, he hadn't "the faintest idea."

Four days later, he agreed to run, stating that he was no more free to withdraw in war than was a soldier.

Harry S. Truman wasn't pestered in '48. As in '36, newsmen simply took it for granted he would run. But by January of '52, the White House press secretary was saying: "I asked the President if he were willing to say whether he will be a candidate or not. He isn't." When the reporters looked startled, the secretary added that Mr. Truman "isn't ready to say."

Mr. Truman did say on January 4 that he knew what he was going to do, and that when he was ready he would announce his decision. When, later that month, he was asked about the statement of the Missouri National Committeeman that Mr. Truman had earned a rest, the President commented crisply that he was not tired.

During February, Mr. Truman "thought . . . the subject ought to be dropped for a while"; he indicated to Rep. Adolph J. Sabath that he might run again "to assure the peace"; he told the press that "it's about time now for you to wait until I get ready to make the necessary announcement, and then you will have all the information. I don't want to confuse you."

March 13, Mr. Truman said that primaries were "eyewash," because he could have the nomination irrespective of primaries. On his return from Key West on March 28, the President smiled when a photographer remarked. "That looks like a victory smile, Mr. President." "I hope so," said Harry.

The following day, Harry S. Truman announced he would not run for re-election.

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dosage of previous Democratic schemes, including rigid price supports with most of their faults uncorrected. The bill contains no limit on government payments to large, corporation-type farms, and a two-price system on rice (high price at home, lower price abroad), which is contrary to the principles of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade of which we are members.

So little does the House Committee on Agriculture think of the Senate bill that it has begun hearings on a separate bill of its own.

Unity in Miami

IF JAMES R. HOFFA, Detroit Teamsters boss, went to the Miami AFL-CIO Executive Council sessions expecting support in his jurisdictional war against UAW President Walter P. Reuther, someone badly let him down. The offensive which Hoffa declared on Reuther (*NR*, Feb. 20) on the eve of the Council meetings has collapsed, at least for the present. Unity was the keynote at Miami—at least until Election Day.

The specific jurisdictional issue between Hoffa and Reuther centered in the changeover work from auto to aircraft production at the Detroit Packard plant. Reuther stuck to his demand that 66 UAW mechanics at Packard keep their jobs in the changeover, rather than make way for specially hired construction workers. Hoffa had actively pushed Detroit building trades leaders to make a stand against Reuther. Hoffa cites Reuther's promise to confer with the building trades unions before future plant conversion work begins as a victory for him. But President George Meany called the settlement "a compromise."

Meanwhile, the outcome is not yet certain in Hoffa's bid for Teamster control in New York City at the expense of Teamsters' President Dave Beck, whom Hoffa hopes to replace. The Teamsters International has seized 58 disputed ballots in the recent New York Teamsters Council elections, where the Hoffa-backed candidates ended up only 11 votes behind. The fate of the ballots may not be decided until a March 24 Teamster board meeting in Honolulu. Of the 58 disputed ballots — all represent likely Hoffa strength—Beck can disqualify 42.

In Stalin's Shoes Khrushchev Walks Softly

THE TWENTIETH CONGRESS of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union dedicated world Communism to "the struggle between the two ideologies under conditions of peaceful coexistence." Not co-operation with the West, but the avoidance of war was set forth as the objective, and with it intensification of the effort to win new nations through economic and political means.

This objective has been hindered by doctrines laid down by Stalin. For while Stalin himself initiated the line of "peaceful coexistence" at the Nineteenth Congress, he did not pursue its implications. His insistence that the world was divided into two camps drove neutrals toward the West; his belief that war was inevitable discouraged "peace" campaigns; his adherence to the Leninist doctrine that revolution was the only road to socialism prohibited effective collaboration with non-Communist forces. In these ways Stalinist doctrine obstructed the exploitation of opportunities present in a period of enforced detente.

These ideological hindrances to the extension of Communism were largely removed at the Twentieth Congress. War, Khrushchev declared, is no longer inevitable — the Soviet Union is now strong enough to neutralize the monopolists who seek war. The "two camps" are disbanded. In their place Khrushchev sees "Socialist" states, "peaceloving" (neutralist) nations, "neutralist" (neutral) nations, and a fourth group dominated by the US. Parliamentary institutions in the West, Khrushchev continues, "may become organs of genuine democracy" and provide the means for a peaceful transition to Socialism.

The impending collapse of capitalism remains the most strongly rooted conviction in Communist ideology, and forms the basis of Khrushchev's new theory of Communist victory under conditions of "peaceful coexistence." But while intercontinental missiles are pressed, and held out as a warning, the harshness and hatred which once made their use seem appropriate and inevitable, is absent in the Twentieth Congress sessions.

The new Soviet line is a perceptive response to the nuclear deadlock, carefully prepared and soundly based. The Soviet leaders disregard the "subjective" views of European leaders who remember well the perils of the United Front and resist its re-establishment today. In their opinion the "objective" conditions: of division in Germany, stagnation in Italy and parliamentary deadlock in France will force non-Communists to collaborate with Communists from now on. The prospects for this collaboration are significantly increased now that Communists are freed to preach reformism and to decry dictatorship and the use of force. Similarly in Asia where Soviet phrases are accepted widely at face value, the recent drift of neutralist governments toward the Soviet orbit may well be accelerated.

Unlike the Kremlin the West has not faced the political implications of the nuclear deadlock. It lacks any plan to counter the new Soviet line. Given this weakness Westerners will turn for consolation to signs of mellowing within the Soviet dictatorship. And some such signs are present in the records of the Twentieth Congress. Mikoyan's attacks upon Stalin's methods of ruling and his views are the strongest yet made within Russia. Great emphasis is given by Khrushchev, Suslov and others to the unwisdom of reliance upon "miracle workers" and validity of committee rule.

There are limits, of course, to these departures from Stalinism. While he berates Beria, Khrushchev insists on respect for the secret police. And while he advances "peaceful coexistence" as the guiding slogan in foreign affairs, he adds that it must not obscure the struggle against "bourgeois" elements at home. Khrushchev himself remains above criticism, and Stalin foreswore all ambitions of personal rule even while he clambered up to absolute personal power. And yet the relation between relaxation abroad and at home is indicated by many new endeavors: those to make concessions to consumer's goods, to shorten the work day and to extend "socialist legality."

The regime appears to believe that it has traversed the transition of succession; that it can rule without a godhead, and that the people will react affirmatively to less arbitrariness and less police excesses.

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Is the Senior Senator from California More Republican Than the President?

What Bill Knowland Stands For

by WILLIAM S. WHITE

For two decades the Republican Party has maintained an outward unity against its commanding and traditional antagonists, the Democrats. For two decades it has sustained within itself a fierce struggle between hostile internal forces seeking an ultimate control.

If it is true that the Party has been singularly slow in reaching an internal rationale, it is also true that it has shown a singular and stoic vitality if due regard be given to the fevers that so long and so inconclusively have burned within.

This Party, in short, is in no real sense One Body (not even to the limited degree that the Democratic Party is one) but rather two bodies. Through four pre-Presidential tests this has been so. And the lesser of the two bodies, the Orthodox party, is in a sense the greater; and the greater, the non-Orthodox party, is in a sense the lesser. For the Orthodox, though the custodians of all truly *Republican* tradition and the holders most of the time of most of the places of power, have not since 1936 been able to have their way at a single national convention.

Knowland

In 1940, Wendell Willkie, a most improbable Republican who had but lately been a Democrat, somehow and some way was chosen over incontestably Republican aspirants to lead the Republican Party. In 1944 and again in 1948 a quasi-Republican (as he was sourly viewed by the Orthodox) triumphed over the forces of what might be called the "Ohio Republicans," that is, those archetypes, from whatever state, of the authentic Republican article. The successful Pretender on these occasions was, of course, Thomas E. Dewey of New York, who was certainly a good deal more Republican than Mr. Willkie but not remotely so Republican as anybody in the historic Taft School of the old party.

Again, in 1952, when the great Orthodox master, Taft himself, had reached the apex of his influence and power, the convention turned away from him and nominated General Eisenhower, who was in, but hardly of, the Republican Party as it had so long been known.

In all this period—right up to today—the Orthodox have been the decisive Republicans in nearly all county courthouses, state houses and in Congress itself.

Everywhere, that is to say, except at the very top of the governmental pyramid the old party lives on, an Old Guard that has neither died nor surrendered but rather has only made an accommodation with certain current realities of political life and still goes about its concerns far from subdued and far from done.

Because it is necessary to have *some* descriptive labeling one refers to these Old Guardists—these historically genuine and, right or wrong, these basically integrated Republicans—as Taft Republicans or, as has been said, Ohio Republicans. There is, no doubt, some oversimplification in this small exercise in nomenclature; nevertheless, all in all it fairly describes the case.

Now, for Taft Republicans one should read "Knowland Republicans." It is not that Sen. William F. Knowland of California is precisely like the late Sen. Robert Taft of Ohio, and it is not that Senator Knowland holds such undoubted or clearly defined headship over the Orthodox party. The position simply is that Mr. Knowland has become a historical necessity to the Orthodox Republicans and that through many circumstances, not all of his own making, he is more and more being cast into the role of Taft's inheritor.

When Taft with a bleak gallantry was dying of cancer in the summer of 1953, he personally appointed Knowland to be his successor as the Republican Senate leader, seeking no man's yea or nay as he did so and, characteristically, hearing not a whisper of caveat or complaint from among his dutiful colleagues. "Bob," as they said among themselves, had "decided"; and that was enough.

From this last public act of the late chief of the Taft School has flowed much of importance. Confirmed in this way in the Orthodox succession (and this single point has great and enduring significance when it is realized that Mr.

William S. White, *Chief Congressional Correspondent for the Washington Bureau of the* New York Times *and author of the Pulitzer prize-winning biography* The Taft Story, *is currently working on a study of the US Senate.*

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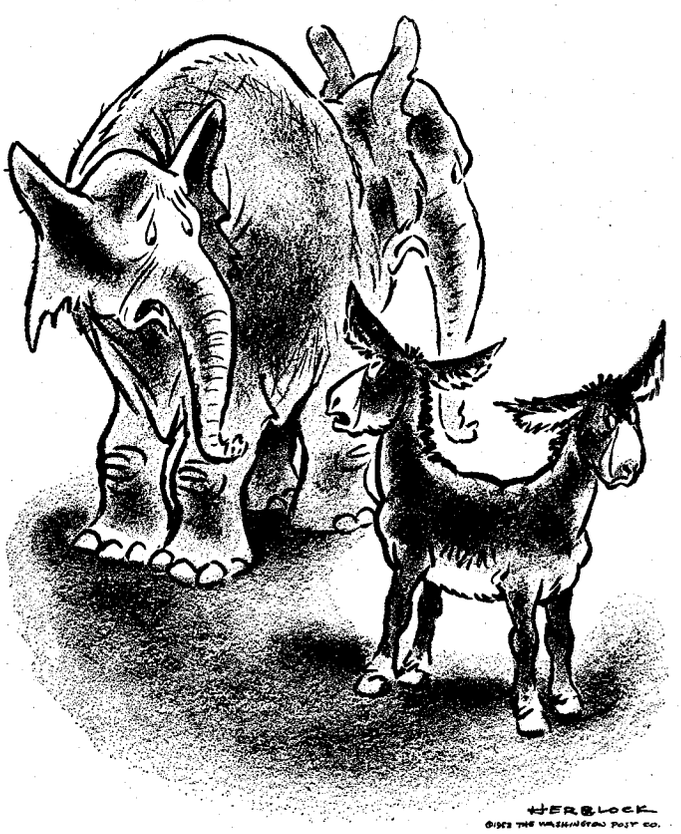
Taft's powerful followers about the country retain in his death the loyalty they showed in life), Mr. Knowland has gone forward to make a great place of his own.

It is in this light—in light of the fact that he is a movement as well as a man—that Knowland's somewhat gingerly initial approach to a candidacy for the Presidential nomination must be seen. He made a provisional entry, as far back as January, to keep a foot in the door for the Orthodox Republicans collectively as well as for himself. There was, by his lights, nothing inconsistent in an entry accompanied as it was by an expressed willingness to withdraw should Eisenhower consent to run.

In terms of his leadership what does Senator Knowland represent in the Republican Party? For whom does he speak? And for whom does he act?

They are at once a numerous and a mixed lot, mixed as in any political party where, in the English-speaking way, there is a conscious habit not to draw the lines too sharply and not to make things too tidy. There are Knowland Republicans who are extreme right-wingers; even McCarthyites, for that matter, including Senator McCarthy himself. There are Knowland Republicans who are, relative to Republicanism in general, occupants of the political center. There are even a few Knowland Republicans who are feckless chaps, indeed, and almost "One Worlders" by the standards of the vestigial symbols of the old, old Republicanism who still sigh in their club chairs over the occasional apostasies of Taft on such matters as public housing.



"I have the same trouble."

For Knowland, who has been thrust in one way or another in a great competition with his fellow Californian, Vice President Nixon, has to a high degree the old uncomfortable Taft characteristic of turning up now and then in some very odd places. Knowland, the Orthodox leader, has on domestic issues a much more liberal voting record than Mr. Nixon.

And Knowland, the "Senator from Formosa," as he is called by many on the Left and by some in the Eisenhower wing of the Republican Party, has a long record for the grand pro-Europe enterprises, and especially NATO.

HERE again, and before one touches on the question of China and Asia policy, there is a clear parallel with the career of the late Senator Taft. After the 1948 election, which Mr. Truman so unaccountably refused to lose, some of the avowedly liberal Senate Republicans engaged to oust Taft as the party leader. The provisional replacement they selected was Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. of Massachusetts, then a Senator and now our Ambassador to the United Nations. And Mr. Taft, on the ineluctable voting record, was a good deal more liberal domestically than was Mr. Lodge.

Now, as to China policy there can be no question first that Knowland has been a thorn to the Eisenhower Administration, and second that he speaks with what is on the whole the authentic accent of the old Republicanism, Taft Republicanism or Knowland Republicanism.

While a good many matters of high and ordinary policy are in dispute within this brand of Republicanism, there can be no valid question that in its generality it is more Asia-First than Europe-First. But Knowland, for his part, unlike Taft, really wants to engage imperialist Communism everywhere, though it is also true that he has nowhere quite accepted the ultimate implications of the "hard" policies that so long and so consistently he has advocated. He has not, for example, insisted upon the kind of additional military preparation that would seem to be essential to his designs.

Again, there is a good deal of confusion in the relationship of Knowland Republicanism (as with Taft Republicanism before it) to the now inert, and possibly dead, issue of "McCarthyism." Mr. Knowland, as will generally be recalled, voted in the showdown against, and not for, the Senate's condemnation of Mr. McCarthy, though the select Senate Committee that brought in the indictment had in fact been chosen by the Senate leaders, Johnson of Texas for the Democrats and Knowland for the Republicans.

But it is also a fact that it was Knowland among all nationally powerful Republicans, not even excluding President Eisenhower himself, who was first and strongest in denouncing and repudiating all suggestions in the 1954 campaign that the Democrats as a party had some natural affinity with subversion or treason.

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And it is true also that Knowland had never taken any part in any right-wing Republican attack on the honor of any man, in past or present public life, who had not by due and lawful process been found actually guilty of something. He has not sought to equate possibly wrong policies with criminal or subversive policies. Does he speak, therefore, for the McCarthy fringe of the party?

Indeed, the more the whole complex is examined the more it must become apparent that it is not possible to say, on detailed issues, for just what and for just whom Knowland speaks. Thus, the tale must come down to a somewhat murky conclusion, and it is necessary to enter the fields not of the certain and palpable but of the vague and impalpable.

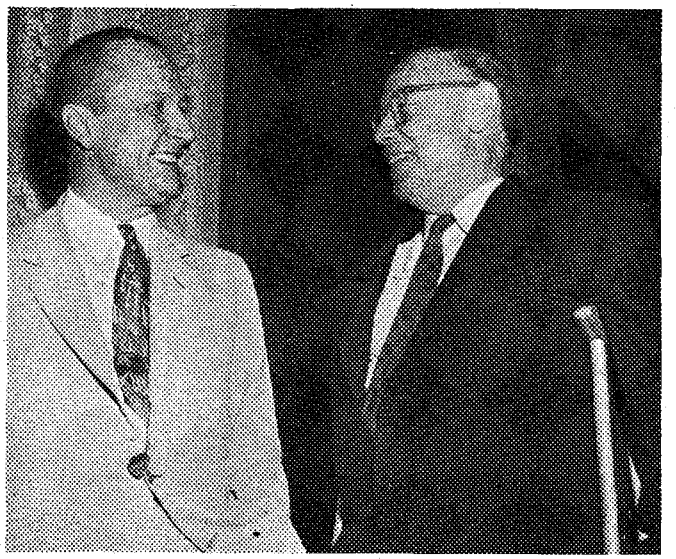
WHO and what Knowland speaks for must be described in a concept both wide and narrow—a concept necessarily blurred by the political circumstances of the last 20 years and by the curious nature of the Republican dichotomy. This dichotomy, unlike that so long afflicting the Democrats as betwixt North and South, cannot be defined in a geographic sense, as by the Mason-Dixon line, nor defined in a phrase, as by the phrase civil rights.

For the Republican division is not in absolute terms definable at all, and thus it follows that what Knowland represents is alike indefinable in such terms. Perhaps the shortest way to put it is to say that the Republican Party was profoundly and traumatically assailed, at the heart of its sentient being, by the 20 years of Roosevelt and Truman, of the New and Fair Deals, and by the onset of the unexampled problems that followed World War II.

As election after election was lost nationally, the center of actual and ultimate national power in this Party passed from its professionals and technical managers to the rich and successful amateurs who by taste and by need have made of the GOP an instrumentality of their hopes and of their expression. In this process, the great Republican "pros" have been shunted aside—as the history of the 1952 Taft-Eisenhower convention makes abundantly clear—in behalf of relatively unRepublican Republicans who have been prepared in conviction and by technique to make accommodations with the political movement of the times.

The "pros," however—and this qualification is most important—have in no sense been thrust wholly from the lodge. It is *they*, in fact, who have continued to hold the essential mandate between national conventions. They are anything but philosophic pacifists or non-resisters; but on the other hand they are temperamentally incapable, as far more disciplined men than the Democrats, of breaking up the whole show simply because they have been thrust from the leading parts.

Thus, there has grown up within the Republican Party as a whole—that is, between the new not-quite-Republican party and the old, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide Republican party, a tactical truce that is on the whole fairly sound for extra-party affairs but is quite sticky in the intra-party sense. And while the Orthodox, or Knowland, Republicans disagree with each other on many questions —some of them questions so very important as the proper way to deal with the McCarthy fringe—they have, for all that, an unspoken agreement on an unalterable credo.



Knowland and Taft—June 10, 1953

THEY believe in a narrow definition of the two-party system and that the Opposition's real business is to oppose. They believe in fiscal conservatism and in the primacy of Business in our society, though, ironically, really big, big Business has now gone over mostly to the non-Orthodox side—and while they will go along with such untypical matters as high farm subsidies they will rather gloomily and grumpily travel this path. (It is interesting to recall that Mr. Knowland, whose inveterate candor approximates that of Mr. Taft, stolidly came forward not long ago in support of the Eisenhower Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Ezra Taft Benson, when prominent "Eisenhower Republicans" were uneasily holding their peace. This was not an easy thing for a non-Eisenhower Republican Presidential aspirant with hopes plainly lying most of all in the Republican Farm Belt.)

They deeply believe that there can be no really useful negotiations with the Communists and in their hearts they look with horror on all efforts by the Eisenhower Administration to make some *modus* that they are convinced will lead only to disastrous appeasement.

They are hard, bitter, partisan fighters, but mostly in the old way. And it is an arresting fact that just as they really dislike untypical Republicans far more than they dislike Democrats, they are wholly innocent of one charge so often laid by the Democrats against the Eisen-

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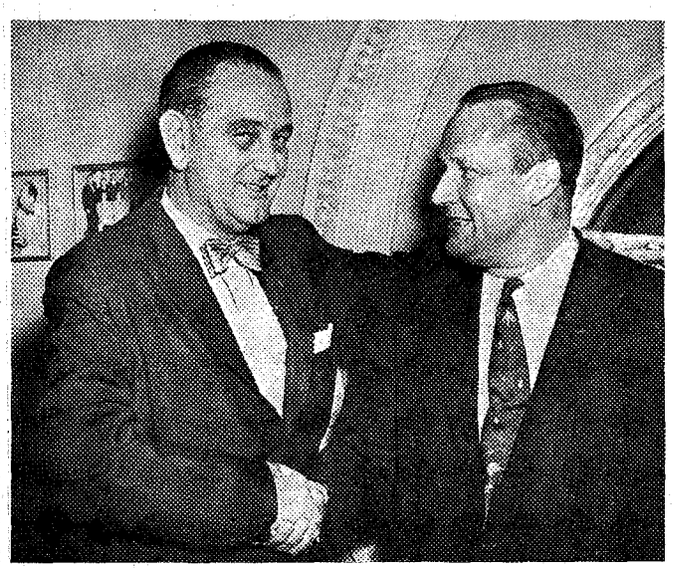
hower Administration. The Knowland Republicans are mostly total strangers to "hucksterism." Madison Avenue is an unknown land to them and their pop-eyed incredulity at some of the Administration's occasional claims, as for illustration Mr. Dulles' in the recent *Life* magazine article, is no less striking, if far more muted, than that of the Democrats themselves.

(Knowland himself has no press agent, no "public relations" and no talent for the practice of that technique of the mid-century.)

They have more affection for and more respect toward the Congressional than the Executive form of government. When and as they may have their way, they give more heed to and put more trust in advice from small groups of the quietly successful than from large groups of the clamorously seeking. Whatever their views they hold them with an angry consistency and state them at every opportunity with a heavy insistence. One may wholly disagree with them; one cannot be in any real doubt, however, that commonly they mean what they say —and say what they mean.

WHAT commonly identifies them, whether they stand away over to the Right with the McCarthys, toward the Center or toward the relative Left, is indispensably this: They are *Republicans,* partisan, traditional Republicans, the inflexible, unchanging protagonists of the two-party system.

Because they see the proper functioning of the American polity to lie most of all in unceasing collision between two parties, they are totally unmoved, as Mr. Knowland recently was totally unmoved, by all suggestions that foreign affairs be kept out of the campaign. When Knowland completely rejected the proposal of President Eisenhower that basic foreign policy be put in sanctuary, he was instinctively speaking the minds of these utterly *Republican* Republicans.



Johnson and Knowland—July 24, 1954

Their only truly "respectable" spokesman with a national following for many years was Taft, whose outlook of Ohio Republicanism was to some extent softened by an Eastern education and by a mind that could turn in a moment from a rather edgy provincialism to a witty extrapolation of an obscure medieval English verse known only to Dons and to God.

KNOWLAND, though no Taft in these academic regards, is politically a Midwesterner, though born and bred on the West Coast. He, too, is unimpeachably respectable and for the qualities of courage and candor is without doubt one of the most honored of all men in the Senate—in both parties. He leads, though he does not always typify, the Orthodox rather for the reasons that Taft did: they are fighting a great, historic action for the mind of a party, and they have simply got to have somebody like him at their head.

In Knowland, as in Taft, they have what is for them a very nearly ideal leadership—a man of the highest personal integrity, a man embodying the best rather than the mediocrity or the worst of their movement, and, above all, a man so placed as to protect and forward their truly fundamental design.

This design is not necessarily the seizure or domination of the Presidency itself, though this would be a happy extra dividend indeed if it could be obtained. It is, instead, the intimate, immediate day-by-day control of the basic legislation and policies of the United States primarily as these affect the bread-and-butter matters of life—fiscal affairs, taxes, labor and social legislation.

In order to maintain this control at its true source—Congress—they must first of all, and most of all, maintain for their wing of the Party a philosophic and practical supremacy of that party in the Senate and House. Having done this, they must, as since about 1938 they have in fact done, sustain a pragmatic association with the powerful conservative Southerners who hold unceasing dominion over the Democratic side at the Capitol.

As this article is written it is, for example, perfectly obvious that if the Republicans were prepared to act with absolute singleness of purpose, they could put the Democrats in desperate election-year straits by coming out for imperious federal sanctions against segregation.

Such a total Republican position, of course, might fully assure for the Party the enormously important Negro vote in the pivotal Northern states. But it will not come about; the Knowland part of the Republican Party would not take such a posture if it could, and could not if it would. For this would be mortally to break with the Congressional Southerners and thus to destroy the one means by which the *raison d'être* of the Orthodox can be preserved at all.

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Negroes on Southern Campuses

WHAT THE EDITORS OF SIX COLLEGE NEWSPAPERS IN THE SOUTH THINK ABOUT DESEGREGATION

THE MOB that went after Negro student Autherine Lucy at the University of Alabama on Monday, February 6, was described by the publisher of the local newspaper, *The Tuscaloosa News,* as "gone." Its members, he wrote, "white-faced and out of touch with reality, tried to do what a white-haired woman, perhaps mother of a student, kept shouting for them to do: 'Kill her, kill her, kill her'."

HOW DO Southern college students themselves react to this kind of outrage; further, how do they feel about the larger question of Negro-white relations on the campus?

The New Republic publishes below answers of six editors of college newspapers in six Southern states. Each was assured *The NR* would respect and protect the anonymity of the writer, that no reference would be made to the name of the editor, the newspaper or the college. Five of the six student journalists replied that our solicitude was unnecessary. The sixth, from a state university in the Deep South, preferred not be identified. Our questions and their answers follow:

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1. What campus reaction do you find to the rioting at the University of Alabama?

MAURY MIDLO, The Hullabaloo, *Tulane University, Louisiana:* General opinion was that students were not responsible, but that Miss Lucy could and should have sought her education elsewhere. The majority of Tulane students conform closely with the pro-segregation feelings of the community.

WILLIAM MORRIS, The Daily Texan, *University of Texas:* The great majority here look on the Alabama affair with much disfavor.

JAMES A. ALGER III, The Virginia Tech, *Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia:* Most students I have talked to believe that Miss Lucy is foolish to attempt fighting the system there; she will never be accepted by the students, and no court order or armed force can change that. If I were in their place I would resent her trying to change the order of things.

LARRY CUSTER, The Emory Wheel, *Emory University, Georgia:* I know of many students who would gladly have had Miss Lucy at Emory, especially after the Alabama incident. Whether they are for or against integration, they felt that she was done a grave injustice. There was a general feeling of disgust on this campus, and that feeling remains.

EDWIN M. YODER, The Daily Tar Heel, *University of North Carolina:* Total disgust, even among those who heartily favor segregation. But I would make one point in reservation. As much as many students here detest segregation, there is a feeling that mores cannot be vanquished overnight.

ANONYMOUS DEEP-SOUTH: Opinions differ widely. Those for and against segregation agree in one thing: the rioting was wrong. Those for segregation feel that some protest should have been made, but they offer many different ideas as to what that should be.

2. Do you anticipate difficulties on your campus comparable to those at Alabama?

TULANE: No, at least not so violent.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS: Certainly not. Integration will probably be accomplished without incident. (Thank God.) For the most part, Texas is far removed from the troubled Black Belts. Hence its case is somewhat differ-

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ent. As a state (save for isolated places in East Texas) Texas doesn't expect much trouble. Integration in many places is going smoothly. The state has done well in its integration of the Latin-Americans. The Negro problem, fundamentally, is nothing new at all.

VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC: No trouble so far. The arrival of the first Negro student went practically unnoticed. I can foresee no difficulties until the number of Negro students grows large enough to become a problem socially.

EMORY: I frankly would not anticipate the difficulties at Emory that they had at the University of Alabama. We have a private school, a student body which does not condone riots of any kind. A small group of students last December . . . burned Gov. Marvin Griffith (of Georgia) in effigy on the steps of the Library. But even after working several hours, they were only able to recruit seven or eight fellow rioters. There is much student apathy to any demonstrations, either here or elsewhere.

NORTH CAROLINA: None whatsoever.

ANONYMOUS: No. Our state has recently passed interposition. As a state-supported institution, this will be upheld. If interposition works, no Negroes would be admitted, even under court order.

University of Alabama students burn desegregation propaganda.

3. *What opinion-making groups, either on-campus or off-campus, are influencing student attitudes for or against Supreme Court compliance?*

TULANE: For some years and through the present the student newspaper has conducted a vigorous campaign for prompt integration, support of the Supreme Court and openly criticizing the "Southern Gentlemen," "the Governor of Georgia," etc. This results in much attention, but finds little support and no action resulting. The Interfaith Council does nothing, and most faculty members seem afraid to discuss the subject in class. The only outside forces at work are family backgrounds and the hometowns of the students.

TEXAS: When the Regents (appointees of a reactionary Governor) opened undergraduate doors to Negroes, campus leaders were in agreement. The Students' Association made an objective study and brought forth the concrete problems integration will face in Austin. These problems were sensibly received by school officials and students, and solutions are being worked out. A Human Relations Commission, to make integration easier (it will take place beginning in September) is comprised of outstanding student leaders. Its job to date has been commendable. A minority of students originally threatened to establish a quasi-Citizens Council on the campus, but no word has been heard of the idea in several months.

VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC: The YMCA here has a Racial Problems Committee which has members of all races to discuss these issues. There is no noticeable anti-Negro publicity.

EMORY: We like to think that our newspaper has played the most important role in developing student opinion in favor of gradual integration. For some two years the paper has editorially taken this stand. I would not be so bold as to say that the majority of the student body favors integration, for the majority does not. A sizable number, however, do favor integation at Emory and at schools throughout the South. It should be added that some professors have discussed segregation in their classes and most of them have taken a stand opposing it. Also, we are currently observing Brotherhood Week on campus and many discussions have centered on the problem of integration.

NORTH CAROLINA: The Daily Tar Heel, traditionally unfettered by censorship from any source whatever, has been firm in its insistence that without jeopardizing the public-school system, the freedom of open debate and public order under the law, North Carolina must comply

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with the Supreme Court Decision. We have attempted to make clear the ethical, social and religious mandate against segregation and have advocated desegregation with all possible speed. Youth fellowship groups in every church denomination, so far as I know, have taken unequivocal stands against segregation. So have organizations like the YMCA and the debating societies.

ANONYMOUS: The politicians. The press.

4. *Can you estimate what proportion of the students believe the Supreme Court ruling should be obeyed?*

TULANE: A surprisingly high percentage (I would say about 85 percent) believe the Court ruling is "Right" and should be obeyed, but most of these feel that there is no rush or need for haste. "Let's do this thing gradually," they say, and mean 10 or 15 years, hoping that in time the whole thing will cool, and they can forget it.

TEXAS: The overwhelming majority of students, I feel sure, believe the Court's edict should be obeyed. I say these things in deep humility and with a sincere pride that my University has faced the segregation problems so realistically. I speak in this tone because my home is Yazoo City, Mississippi, some 90 miles south of Hodding Carter's Greenville in the Mississippi Delta. I am sympathetic with the Deep South; there are troubled days ahead there. I have no solutions, save that I sincerely believe Southern college students are far more willing to meet the problem squarely than their elders.

VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC: I have no idea how a campus poll would run. It is not very hotly discussed, pro or con. There are so few Negroes in Blacksburg that very little race problem exists.

EMORY: It is difficult to estimate the percentage of students who believe the ruling of the Court should be obeyed. They are probably in the majority. But that is because they feel that the Court is the last word on the law, a feeling not shared by the present Georgia legislature. Only about 35 or 40 percent—and this is an extremely rough estimate—actually favors integration. A number fear the consequences of integration, especially after witnessing the Alabama incident. I feel, however, that Emory students would accept a Negro as a fellow student, and that if any rioting took place it would be caused by outside influences.

NORTH CAROLINA: I would say that a majority believe the ruling should be obeyed; but most of that majority are gradualists. Few, I think, believe the ruling should be defied—if defiance involves departing from law and order. There is no question that students are more tolerant than non-student outsiders.

ANONYMOUS: I could not estimate this.

5. *Do you have Negroes enrolled now? What has been the effect of their presence?*

TULANE: None enrolled. There are occasional visitors to the campus and cafeteria, and the University of Pittsburgh team stayed in the dormitory here, but there have never been any unpleasant incidents.

TEXAS: Negroes have been enrolled at this University since 1950, when the Sweatt Case was news. There are no figures in the Registrar's office on Negro enrollment. This, in itself, would signify that integration has worked well. My estimate would be around 400. When graduate Negroes were first admitted, there was some sensitivity, particularly from students of East Texas upbringing. Now, however, I feel no such sensitivity. Integration seems to have worked most happily in the Law School, where racial friendship, even though there is a very small Negro enrollment, has been encouraging.

VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC: There are four or five enrolled now, which is practically zero percent of a student body of 3,900. They have caused practically no comment. The first Negro student is well-liked, active in campus affairs.

EMORY: We do not presently have any Negroes enrolled, nor have any ever been enrolled. I do not agree with the tactics of the NAACP. I believe that it is pushing things a bit too fast. Integration is inevitable, but the NAACP is not helping their cause by attempting to speed the process up. A quieter, slower attitude on the part of that organization would help race relations in the South immeasurably.

NORTH CAROLINA: The graduate school has been open to unsegregated attendance since 1951. Three Negro undergraduates were admitted at the beginning of the fall term this year. No trouble of any sort has developed. I would say that the three Negroes have been accepted on equal footing with students of other races. Despite protest from this newspaper, religious groups and other students, their living quarters are still separate.

ANONYMOUS: There are no Negroes enrolled now.

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If the Enemy Did Attack . . .

by HALDORE HANSON

IN THE first full investigation of the nation's civil defenses in six years, leading scientists have recently come before Congress to spread on the public record some jolting facts about expectable American casualties from a general enemy attack under the *present* state of civil defense (more than 60 million killed and wounded).

But so great is the public apathy and so cynical are press correspondents on the subject of civil defense that only flippant feature stories about the hearings have appeared in most newspapers. Apathy grows partly from relaxation in the Cold War, partly from a mistaken belief that the Air Force and the Distant Early Warning system have our national defenses under control, or soon will.

Val Peterson

It isn't so, these leading scientists warned Congress. They made severe charges against the Federal Civil Defense Administration, and its administrator, Republican ex-Governor Val Peterson of Nebraska. They suggested constructive remedies. One witness estimated that an adequate civil defense program could be had for a federal cost of $4 to $7 billion spread over a 10-year period, plus an equal amount in tax incentives for private construction. This year's appropriation is only $69 million.

The House Committee on Government Operations called as witnesses Dr. James Killian, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dr. Willard Libby, member of the Atomic Energy Commission; Dr. Lloyd Berkner, head of Associated Universities, Inc.; Dr. A. G. Hill, Director of the Weapons Evaluation Group of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Dr. Merle Tuve, pioneer nuclear physicist connected with Carnegie Institution. Few experts are so well informed. In quality of talent the hearings resembled a television spectacular.

Severest criticism of US civil defense was advanced by Dr. Tuve, who testified as Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Civil Defense, National Academy of Sciences. In that capacity Dr. Tuve has access to all plans of the Civil Defense Administration and to related information in the Air Force and Atomic Energy Commission. Both he and his assistant, Mr. Willard Bascom, were subpoenaed by Congress to divulge for the first time the findings of their two-year study of civil defense.

When comments of all these scientists are combined into one indictment, the following are the major charges:

Count 1. The US today has no national warning system to announce an enemy attack. Siren and horn warnings of local communities will reach only 15 to 25 percent of the population. We are spending billions on our distant warning system, which will transmit a signal to the Air Force, but to relay this warning to the poor taxpayer, who paid for it, all civil defense organizations put together are spending only $16 million.

Count 2. We have known publicly since March, 1954, the enormous civilian casualties which radioactive fallout following an atomic explosion could cause, but our civil defense authorities have not distributed instruments for measuring fallout, and no such instruments are now available in most American communities. There is no plan for the rapid measuring of the intensity of fallout after an attack, and without this information there can be no adequate disaster plan. Nor is there any plan for post-attack communications to serve the time when most existing communication systems would be knocked out.

Count 3. Recent civil defense evacuation exercises in large cities on the East and West Coasts were based on an assumption that the enemy will strike with manned aircraft, and will drop only single bombs in the center of target cities which have had one to three hours warning. This assumption is obsolete, since the Russians already have submarines capable of launching nuclear projectiles, with no warning, into any city within 300 miles of our coasts. And the intercontinental ballistic missile, which is considered to be only a few years away, could strike with not more than 10 to 20 minutes warning. Our civil defense plans should therefore be based on shelters which could be reached in a few moments.

Count 4. The federal law on civil defense, delegating most responsibilities to the states, is also obsolete. A single bomb will spread havoc over many states, perhaps a score. But the Federal Civil Defense Administrator has at no time suggested a change in the law to permit more centralized disaster operations. This is the "basic flaw."

Count 5. The present administrators of civil defense have failed to contract for "realistic technical studies" which would serve as the basis for civil defense policy. FCDA needs studies on warning systems, bomb shelters, fallout surveys, among others. The Army, Navy and Air

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Force all use outside contractors to conduct such research.

Count 6. Val Peterson, present administrator, is a "devoted public servant and a personally likeable man, but he and his top lieutenants seem to have no conception of what should constitute an acceptable performance by their organization." (A Republican member of the Congressional committee defended Mr. Peterson, pointing out it was Congress which had cut the civil defense appropriation every year. But Dr. Tuve replied, "I am convinced they would have had a much larger fraction of these requests appropriated if technical studies had been adequately carried out.")

Count 7. In sum, "civil defense is our only defense activity based on the proposition that war is not coming." Even Washington, D. C., concededly one of the principal enemy targets, spends on civil defense only one-sixth as much as it does on its zoo.

This is the indictment. But the testimony was not wholly negative. Each witness suggested some remedies, in the testimony which filled more than 1,000 pages in the first two weeks and is expected to continue for a month or more.

HERE are some of the premises on which the expert witnesses told Congress we should act in building an adequate civil defense plan.

We will live with the threat of nuclear war for at least 100 years, perhaps 500 years. There is not the slightest hope that civilized nations, by common consent, will destroy their ability to carry out nuclear war.

If nuclear attack comes by manned aircraft, our Air Force expects to destroy no more than half of a massive enemy assault wave, despite all radar lines, fighter aircraft, NIKE, and other missiles. If the attack is launched by submarine, there is no defense against the short-range missile. If the attack is by intercontinental missile, there is no known way to shoot the missile down after it approaches its target.

Fifty to 70 nuclear explosions would make a very large part of the US temporarily uninhabitable.

But the scientists offered this hope. Most casualties outside the bomb crater area can be avoided, and a workable society can soon rise again, if reasonable civil defense precautions are taken. Dr. Tuve estimated 80 percent of all casualties could be avoided if the federal government were to present a sound technical plan to the nation, and expend $4 to $7 billion of federal funds over a 10-year period. In none of those years would the cost exceed 5 percent of our military budget.

A sound technical plan would include a national warning system which could reach the entire population in a few minutes. It would involve bomb shelters of moderate strength, mass produced, low in cost.

(Witnesses described at length a national warning system, combining outdoor devices such as sirens, horns and explosions, and indoor devices attached to gas lines, electric lines, telephone circuits or radios. The scientists favored a system as nearly automatic as possible, operating from a central point.)

A sound defense plan would arrange for a national survey of radioactive fallout immediately after an attack. If attack came today, this survey would be based on wind charts prepared by the Weather Bureau every 12 hours. This would give the approximate direction of fallout, but would not measure the intensity of radioactivity, nor would the survey cover the entire country, and some of the guesses would be based on wind measurements 12 hours old, hence very unreliable. Only a wide distribution of radioactive measuring devices and a system of post-attack communications can fill this gap.

The new defense plan must make cities less vulnerable to attack by bringing about new patterns of growth over the next 50 years. Streets must be wider to serve as fire breaks. New buildings would have shelters. Deep underground garages should be designed as public shelters. And new industries would be dispersed, together with the needed power facilities and roads. European nations have already put these growth patterns into use. So have some US industries. It is the US Government which lags.

One witness insisted the federal government itself has fumbled the dispersal plans. The only government agency that has been moved out of Washington is the Civil Defense Administration (Grand Rapids, Mich.) and the highest defense authorities of the nation recently approved the construction of half a billion dollars worth of new buildings in the general vicinity of the White House and the Pentagon in Washington.

DR. TUVE urged two steps to start the wheels rolling on a new defense program. First, the President should appoint a commission to formulate a new division of responsibility between federal and state governments, assigning to national authorities a greater part in dealing with the nationwide aspects of disaster. Second, the President should instruct the Civil Defense Administrator to place contracts immediately with suitable private research organizations for studies on the technical factors in civil defense. These studies, Dr. Tuve estimated, would cost no more than $4 million, and the money is already available.

A new defense plan, based on sound technical studies, Dr. Tuve concluded, could save up to 60 million casualties, and "convert an otherwise obliterating catastrophe into a situation in which there remains an intact, workable, and purposeful society."

Some people, he observed, say if nuclear war comes, they want to die in the first assault. "There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that I want to be one of the survivors. Our being prepared for survival . . . may well be the final deterrent to any war."

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BOOKS & COMMENT

These Be Thy Gods, O Israel—I

by Robert Graves

I WAS never one to stroll down the street with a catapult and break windows just for the fun of hearing the tinkle of glass and seeing furious faces peering out as I scuttle away. But to break windows *from the inside* amounts, at times, to a civic duty. One smells gas, bursts open the kitchen door, turns off the oven-tap, wraps a towel around one's fist and breaks every pane in the kitchen window; for which a commendatory word or two may be expected from the magistrate—or from the coroner.

An anonymous letter-writer in *The Times Literary Supplement*, discussing the poetry of today, has described ours as an "Age of Consolidation." I find "consolidation" too active a word, and should prefer "Age of Acquiescence" or "Age of Acceptance"; which, of course, in the Welfare State, covers a wider range of subjects than poetry and literature in general. Most of my younger contemporaries have been acquiescing in an organized attempt, by critics, publicists, and educationalists, to curtail their liberty of judgment, and make them bow the knee before a row of idols, whose rites are quite incompatible with devotion to the Muse herself.

In 1910, when I first made poetry the most important thing in my life, no idols were forced on me. English literature did not form part of the curriculum at Charterhouse, and I could go foraging for myself in blessed freedom. Moreover, war broke out just when I should have gone to Oxford; I volunteered and took a commission in an unliterary line-regiment, where I spent the next four and a half years. I had never met a poet of my own generation until, by a stroke of luck, Siegfried Sassoon was posted to my battalion; and through him and Edward Marsh (who had befriended me while I was still at school) I came to know several of the real poets then extant—including Hardy, William Davies and Wilfred Owen.

A wave of popular excitement had been raised, two or three years before the war, by Masefield's use of the word "bloody" in his *Everlasting Mercy*; but so dim were the other poetic lights of the period that he was the only modern poet whom Max Beerbohm found topical enough for inclusion in his *Poet's Corner*—except the insufferable Kipling (swapping 'ats with 'is gal Britannia on 'Ampstead 'Eath).

A second wave of popular excitement was raised by the death of Rupert Brooke during the Dardanelles campaign. Brooks' patriotic sonnet "If I should die . . ." was included in Edward Marsh's *Georgian Poetry*, and the subsequent three volumes set poetical taste for the duration of the War, and for some years after.

How things have changed since those days. Contemporary English literature has now insinuated itself into the Public School and Secondary School curriculum. It is now recognized by the English Faculty at Cambridge. This canonization seems to have been the occasion for the setting up of five living idols—namely Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Auden, and Dylan Thomas.

Are you men and women of culture? Then you are expected not only to regard these five as the most "significant" modern writers but to have read all the "significant" literature that has grown up about them.

FIRST, William Butler Yeats. The younger Yeats had wit, industry, a flexible mind, a good ear, and the gift of falling romantically in love—admirable qualities for a beginner. His less admirable qualities were greed, impatience, and a lack of proportion, or humor, for which no amount of wit can compensate. Yeats' father once confided to my father: "Willie has found a very profitable little by-path in poetry," and this was fair enough. The early poems fall short of the bathetic only by their genuine feeling for Ireland and their irreproachable anvil-craft. They are the work of a negligently-dressed, misty-eyed, murmuring Dubliner, living in the Fenian past; "a darling man" to his friends Douglas Hyde, Dr. P. W. Joyce, A. E., J. M. Synge, Lionel Johnson, Lady Gregory, and the rest, who supplied him with certain up-to-date convictions. What he would most have liked to do was what his American contemporary, Vachel Lindsay, had done—to hawk his own ballads about the countryside; but he lacked the courage.

WHEN I returned to Oxford, after the War, Yeats was lodging above the Shamrock Tearooms in the Broad; but curiosity never drew me there. Now, Yeats was Irishman enough to realize that, however great a man's industry, however careful his craftsmanship, all is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, unless divine "grace" is added. "Grace" is the presence of the Muse Goddess; but she does not appear unless her poet has something urgent to say and to win her consent a poet *must* have something urgent to say. Yeats had a new technique, but nothing to say, unless one counts the literary ballads written for the Irish War of Liberation—in which he took no active part. Instead of the Muse, he employed a ventriloquist's dummy called Crazy Jane. But still he had nothing to say. What will a poor countryman do if he has no sheep of his own to shear and badly needs a warm waistcoat? He will go out with a bag into his neighbor's fields and collect strands of wool from hedges and brambles. This Yeats did.

He was now using his wife as a medium, and took the spirit babblings of a certain 16th Century Moor, a previous incarnation of his own, as inspiratory material for his poems. This explained a dialogue reported to me by an undergraduate visitant to No. 4 Broad Street, which had seemed a *non sequitur*:

> Undergraduate: Have you written any poems recently, Sir?
>
> Yeats: No, my wife has been feeling poorly and disinclined.

A few years later Yeats came to

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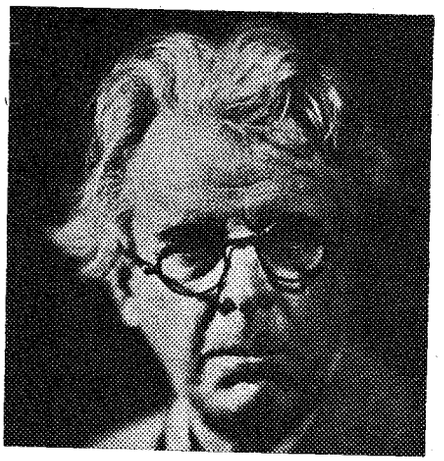

Yeats

Majorca with an Indian disciple, and worked there on an English version of the *Upanishads*. While in Majorca, he wrote asking Laura Riding and myself, as co-authors of *A Survey of Modernist Poetry*, for advice: which younger English poets should he include in his new anthology? We suggested James Reeves, whose first book had just been published. Yeats rejected Reeves with this really devilish comment: "Too true, too sincere, The Muse loves the liars, the gay and warty lads." So when he invited us to contribute to the anthology ourselves, we declined.

EZRA POUND, an Idaho poet, left America with a patchy education and settled in London while Edward VII still sat firmly on the throne. London was then the acknowledged literary center of the English-speaking world.

Before his arrival in England he had been teaching English Literature in a small mid-Western college, where he was not appreciated, and left soon after his arrival. It is my impression that Pound never forgave his country this rebuff, and that he thereafter ranked himself as a great teacher whose talents were too stupendous for the classroom.

With T. E. Hulme and others he issued the *Imagiste* manifesto, which offered the hard, precise image as the *summum bonum* of poetry; but Imagism never caught on in England. It seemed both precious and metrically undisciplined, and could not be harnessed to the war effort of a nation in arms. Slowly the frustrated Pound went mad-dog, and bit the other dogs of his day; he even fastened his teeth in Yeats' hand, the hand that had fed him.

I did not meet Pound until 1922, in T. E. Lawrence's rooms at All Souls'. From his poems, I had expected a brawny, loud-voiced, swashbuckling American; but he was plump, hunched, soft-spoken and ill-at-ease, with the limpest of handshakes. Afterwards I asked Lawrence: "What's wrong with that man?" Lawrence answered cryptically: "Pound has spent his life trying to live down a family scandal: he's Longfellow's grand-nephew."

POUND'S bravado paid in the long run. He knew little Latin, yet he translated Propertius; and less Greek, but he translated Alcaeus; and little Anglo-Saxon, yet he translated *The Seafarer*. I once asked Arthur Waley how much Chinese Pound knew; Waley shook his head despondently.

Pound's admirers explain that his translations should not be read as such; that his free treatment of the original has supplied him with many interesting new ideas. Well, I don't know. . . . It is true that Michaelangelo advised young painters to seek inspiration (when at a loss) from the damp patches and cracks on their bedroom walls. But the corresponding source of poetic inspiration would, I suppose, be the litter left behind by foreign students in a Bloomsbury hostel; it seems unfair to Alcaeus and Li Po and Propertius to treat them so cavalierly. Pound's passionate feelings became centered later in politics and popular economic theory: he even succeeded for awhile in persuading Yeats of the brutal virtues of Fascism. He also convinced himself that the Jews had invented usury, and that the jew (with a small j) was the evil genius who degraded our superior Christian culture, from which only a revolution of intellectual aristocrats could dislodge him. It is an extraordinary paradox that Pound's sprawling, ignorant, indecent, unmelodious, seldom metrical *Cantos*, embellished with esoteric Chinese ideographs—for all I know, they may have been traced from the nearest tea-chest—and with illiterate Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Provençal snippets are now compulsory reading in many ancient centers of learning.

If ever one comes across a relatively simple Blake-like passage in the Cantos, sandwiched between direct quotations and polyglot parentheses, this is how it sounds:

> In their souls were usura and in their minds darkness
> and blankness, greazed fat were four Georges
> Pus was in Spain, Wellington was a jew's pimp
> and lacked mind to know what he effected . . .
> Two sores ran together, Talleyrand stank with shanker . . .
> Filth stank as in our day . . .

Even Whitman's barbaric yawp was hardly as barbaric as that. But remove the layers and layers of cloacinal ranting, snook-cocking, pseudo-professional jargon and double-talk from Pound's verse, and what remains? Longfellow's plump, soft, ill-at-ease grand-nephew remains.

ANOTHER American, T. S. Eliot, had been a graceful writer of songs and conventional poems at Harvard (until he read philosophy and ceased for a while). He came to Europe a year or two before the First World War and found it a more congenial continent than his own. Yet even so, he was bored to screaming by tea-parties, and art-students' chatter, and lodging-house society, and cocktail-bars, and London fog, and hymns in London churches; already he began to feel bald and old and useless. This reaction accounts for *Prufrock*.

When the Armistice delivered us all, he had no war-neurosis to slough off, and stepped forward as a prophet of the uninhibited, anti-Romantic early 'twenties. In "The Hippopotamus" he guyed the Church irreverently:

> The hippo's feeble steps may err
> In compassing material ends
> While the True Church need never stir
> to gather in its dividends.

He was as polyglot as Pound: Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Sans-

Pound

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krit tags alternate in his poems, but he took decent care to check their accuracy, and had a far better ear for verse.

Pound accepted Eliot as a disciple, or Poundling, and was rewarded for his blue-pencilling of *The Waste Land* by the dedication. This celebrated poem was, I believe, the first to apply the current art-fashion of *collage* to English verse—*collage* being the technique of pasting, say, autumn leaves, bus-tickets, metal shavings, cigar bands, fur, playing cards, and artificial flowers on a sheet of paper, in order to create a "significant" composition. What the composition is "significant" of is never explained. Here Eliot pasted fragments of the Elizabethan ornate against skillfully chosen examples of the modern nasty (though never using words which would have barred him from the drawing-room); and in his notes asked the reader to find, despite the continual change of subject and metre, a connecting thread of sense. Eliot had meanwhile been encouraged by Pound to voice the anti-Jewish obsession:

> My house is a decayed house
> And the jew [small j] squats on the window sill, the owner,
> Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp
> Blistered in Brussels, patched and peeled in London. . . .

(Eliot himself, though afterwards patched and peeled in London, was not spawned, but decently begotten by a God-fearing Christian father.) And again, in the Venice poem, we find:

> The rats are underneath the piles
> The jew is underneath the lot.
> Money in furs. The boatman smiles. . .

(Eliot's family kept clear of the fur trade: Machinery was more respectable.)

WELL, the libertarian movement of the 'twenties got bogged, as the textbooks explain, in the political 'thirties; and before these were over, Eliot who, unlike Pound, had no grudge against the world, but only a shyness of it, made his peace with the Hippopotamus and was well on his way to Rydal Mount. Instead of *The Ecclesiastical Sonnets* he wrote *Murder in the Cathedral,* and *The Rock*—the Rock against which he had stubbed a toe—in aid of ecclesiastical charities. He became a churchwarden, edited Kipling, and recanted his former

Eliot

aspersions on Milton. Kathleen Nott has wickedly said: "He reminds me of a dignified landlady who, without a word, retrieves the tribal ornaments from the cupboard where the guest has hidden them, and puts them back on the mantelpiece."

Eliot, being an ex-banker and less naïve in his economics, resisted Pound's anti-usury fixation—for once he was penny-wise and Pound-foolish—and matured into a rugged, if retiring, businessman. Yet he had once been, however briefly, a poet—I am thinking of the blank verse passages in the *Waste Land* —and if he found the demands of the Goddess too severe, who can blame him? I shall always be grateful to Eliot for having been the only publisher in London with the courage to print my long *White Goddess*, and his rejection of *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* was charming: he explained that he "would have published it if it had been more drily written." And I admire Eliot's courageous loyalty to old friends in trouble: he was the prime mover in a protest against the unceremonious treatment accorded to US Traitor Pound when the G.I.'s caught up with him in Italy at the end of the War. Eliot asked me to sign; but I make it a rule not to interfere with the domestic affairs of another nation.

The Four Quartets, which had appeared in the middle of the War, corresponded with Wordsworth's *River Duddon* volume, in so far as they were written to reassure Eliot's public that he still had a pen in his hand:

> O dark dark dark.
> They all go into the dark . . .
> The captains, merchant bankers,
> eminent men of letters . . .
> Distinguished civil servants,
> chairmen of many committees . . .
> And dark the Sun and Moon,
> and the Almanach de Gotha
> And the Stock Exchange Gazette,
> the Directory of Directors,
>
> So here I am, in the middle
> way, having had twenty years—
> Twenty years largely wasted,
> the years of *l'entre deux guerres*—
> Trying to learn to use words,
> and every attempt . . .
> Is a new beginning,
> a raid on the inarticulate
> With shabby equipment
> always deteriorating . . .

I suppose he mentions the two wars because the popular passions they aroused provoked him to write on wholly personal subjects. But why is he complaining? Who forced him, during the Battle of the Somme, to attend London tea-parties presided over by boring hostesses? Or, in after years, to become a chairman of many committees, and figure in *The Directory of Directors*, instead of serving the Muse? Does he deserve our commiseration because his shabby equipment is always deteriorating and because he wasted twenty years in publishing the books of others instead of writing his own? For my part, I wish that he had stopped at *The Hollow Men.*

ELIOT'S introduction to Pound's *Poems* reveals that they both based their a-metrical practices on the example of Jules LaForgue. But he does not explain the need. That LaForgue tried to wriggle out of the strait-jacket of the French Classical alexandrine seems irrelevant; English has worn no strait jacket since the Age of Obsequiousness. And if strait-jackets exist only to be wriggled out of, why have both Eliot and Pound set such immense store on Pope, admiration for when Eliot makes the test of a truly poetic mind? Am being obtuse? At any rate, what I like most about Eliot is that though one of his two hearts, the poetic one has died and been given a separate funeral, in Jewish style (capital J) he continues to visit the grave wistfully, and lay flowers on it.

This is the first section of a two-part essay. Next week, Mr. Graves will discuss the poetry of W. H. Auden and Dylan Thomas.

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Horse-Opera in Crete

by Leslie A. Fiedler

IT is a little difficult to tell exactly when *Freedom or Death* was written. The book jacket declares it a "new novel"; but publishers are apt to be rather cagy about revealing just how old a newly translated work is, knowing the public's resolve to have only the "latest thing"—that is, of course, provided that it is really the same old stuff. The latter qualification Mr. Kazantzakis' book lives up to; and perhaps it fills the bill in the former regard, too, though that is harder to believe. The author is now just past 70, modern Greece's chief contender, one hears, for the Nobel Prize, and his novel may, indeed, have been in print for twenty-five years. I should be distressed, at any rate, to have to think of it as the latest fruit of a long life; and it would bewilder me to imagine anyone, young or old, producing it in the declining nineteen-fifties.

Freedom or Death, by Nikos Kazantzakis (Simon and Schuster; $4.50).

In any event, I wish I had *read* it twenty-five years ago. At fourteen or fifteen, I should have enjoyed, I am sure, the energetic formlessness of this account of a doomed uprising on Crete in 1897: its redundant and finally pointless local color as well as its redundant and finally pointless deaths; its rearing, foam-flecked stallions and whinnying mares, and the fierce-eyed Giaours and white-fleshed Circassian maidens scarcely distinguishable from the beasts. I would have relished its unremitting sadism; the knife fights in the dark, the castrations and the orgasmic murder of the most desirable female in the tale—all redeemed by pious platitudes about liberty and defined (by fiat, as in the kids' Saturday movie) as "Heroism." At just that age, it seems to me, I was enjoying *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, which could not have been very unlike *Freedom or Death*: another fat, untidy Historical Romance, prompted by the best of political intentions on the surface level, and trifling just beneath the surface, with the worn-out Romantic themes of nostalgia for the primitive.

I am not, of course, impugning Mr. Kazantzakis' patriotism, his love for the soil of Crete or his dedication to the cause of freedom. On these subjects he gets the highest marks; it is only as a novelist that he fails. Even if he had composed *Freedom and Death* 50 years ago, it would not have been a *new* book but an obvious pastiche of Byronic stereotypes and costume melodrama out of Sir Walter Scott. All this, one wants to protest (but to whom? To Thomas Mann and Albert Schweitzer who, we are assured, have acclaimed Kazantzakis as "one of the greatest writers of modern Europe"?) has passed out of the province of the serious novel long since. Thank God. First Italian opera and then the movies have delivered the fictionist from the illusion that such theatrical narratives, all action and passion and improbable rhetoric, are his proper business. Since *Lucia di Lamermoor* and Cecil B. deMille, the novelist is as free from this traditional false obligation as the painter since the invention of the camera from his.

SURELY, it should be clear by now that the novel has only one obligation, along with its unlimited privileges: "to carry the torch to the back of the cave," that is, to illuminate the dark underside of the psyche, to explore the duplicity of human motivation. But this is precisely what Mr. Kazantzakis does *not* do. He is quite prepared to give us everything else: all the sensual reality of a Cretan village from the musk under the armpits of the Turkish women to the mingled odor of thyme and dung in the streets, but not the psychological reality; the stir of war, the color of blood, sex, murder, rebellion, drunkenness — even an old-fashioned ghost or two. But all this remains not only meaningless, a kind of compulsive busyness like the frantic housecleaning of a neurotic—it cannot even become interesting to the adult mind, which finds the broad and crowded canvas that the 19th Century would have called "Shakespearian" really empty.

In this book which repeats over and over that a man must be a man, there are no men, none at least that we recognize as such—no complex, contradictory creatures whose weakness is their glory and whose glory is a joke. No character is seen from the inside, for none has an inside; they are all only "Heroes," which is to say Tenors and Baritones got up as Noble Savages. And since there are no men, there can be no true actions, only operatic gestures—without lights or sets or music to justify them. One could forgive the book finally everything but this: its poor writing, its archaic form, even its obviousness; though the poor Patrick Henry type slogan it has inherited from history (the motto of the Cretans in their struggle against the Turks) is milked until it becomes an embarrassment:

> Captain Michales roared: "Freedom or . . . " he did not finish. A bullet went through his mouth. Another pierced his temples. His brains spattered the stones.

But you can't *do* this anymore. Even when *Quo Vadis* was being written or *The Last Days of Pompeii*, the game was up. We've left that Garden—if it ever was a garden—to Inglis Fletcher and Thomas B. Costain forever. Since Flaubert and Freud, it's hard to make this sort of thing go as an entertainment, much less as a bid for the Nobel Prize. Only the subtlest of ironies can protect an author from such bathos and our laughter; and the Historical Romance has traditionally been as lacking in irony as in psychological insight. Heroism is its subject *par excellence*: and heroism is for us no longer a fact but a problem. Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, Byron, who himself had made quite a good thing out of Giaours and buxom Circassians, came to realize how unviable the whole heroic approach had become in the modern world—and in *Don Juan* dissolved it into burlesque. From this status it is hard to rescue it.

I DO not mean that the subject of heroism cannot be handled in our time; but it must be handled psychologically rather than rhetorically. Novelists like Graham Greene and R. P. Warren (and most recently Bernard Malamud) have wrestled with it on the most popular level; while Isaac Babel, some 30 years ago, turned into a series of deeply moving stories precisely the sort of struggle of beast against beast in the name of

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freedom which Kazantzakis also describes. But Babel's Cossacks are rendered poetically, strained through the ironies and ambivalence of a contemporary mind aware of the collapse of values in the world we share; the Cretan peasants of Kazantzakis are ghosts evoked by a ghost, though they bellow like beasts and boast of breaking three beds on their wedding night.

FROM time to time, a token modern, troubled and educated, is permitted to enter the difficult but unproblematical world of Mr. Kazantzakis' hairy heroes; and briefly we hope that a double view will prevail, some human perspective be established so we do not have to take his *palikars* at their own evaluation. But such "moderns" either retire in confusion, like the English schoolmaster who faints when a Greek warrior presents him with the head of a freshly decapitated Turk ("I'm a Professor . . . a good man but made of paper. You're made of flesh and blood. I can't stand up to you . . . "); or, if a Cretan by birth, he is permitted at the last minute to slough off the debilitating wisdom and caution learned in the effete world of the French and become a killer—earn for himself the final ecstacy of death beside a bloodstained comrade.

Heroism is possible, we are assured; if such books can still be written, why is anything impossible? And so Kosmas, a writer returning from abroad (who seems at first the author himself about to judge rather than abdicate before his berserker ancestors) manages to become in the book's last pages the image of the brutal father he has always hated and to be killed in futile resistance against the Turks.

At the very moment of his death, his Jewish wife lies despised and bleeding in his ancestral home, their child aborted by a blow from the ghost of his father. The Jewess is the appropriate symbol for his apostasy—standing not only for sensitivity and art, but for all suffering which endures rather than revenges. "Hey, children," the grandfather of Kosmas reminds his followers at the action's climax, "this is an assembly of elders, not a Jewish school." No, for the true Cretan there can be only one true bride—Mother Crete herself.

Once he has embraced that great Mother, who is death as well as freedom, all things are forgiven him (even foreign loves)—and all things granted, whether he live or die. The death of a hero, however rhetorically and sentimentally described, is not without a certain dignity; but his life can achieve real heights of unconscious comedy. Here is a portrait of the schoolmaster Tityros, who leaves behind a career of being henpecked and harried by children when he decides to poison his brother-in-law, drive his wife to suicide—and take a stand for Freedom:

> Tityros had in fact become another man. Since the day he had murdered his pretty, boorish brother-in-law he had begun to undergo a transformation. He now knew that the whole secret of manhood did not consist in possessing a great strong body. . . . Manhood was soul, not body. The day he had understood that, Tityros had begun to change. Gradually his body, too, gained strength. He no longer stooped, he ate with appetite and drank wine. His cheeks grew red. And—greatest surprise of all—he caught fire and went after women.

IT IS the pattern of the muscle-building ads in the pulp magazines, even to the implied promise: "You, too, can become etc., etc."; but one is not permitted to laugh, not even to smile discreetly. These were, we are asked to believe, the values of *real* men, before the fall to philosophy and literature and tightfitting trousers. Perhaps, after all, my first thoughts were wrong and the only way to understand such a novel is to think of it as the work of an old man, sophisticated and weary of his sophistication, who returns less and less frequently from France to his native land, but who dreams at a distance an absolute Greece, antique, bloody, pure as an animal, the image of a strength which has departed; and who, resting from his Alexandrian task of continuing the *Odyssey* (in precisely 33,333 lines) sits down to compose *Freedom or Death*.

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GRAVES has recently published his *Collected Poems*. His next book, *The Crowning Privilege*, will include an expanded version of the present essay. It will be published by Doubleday later this spring. LESLIE A. FIEDLER is the author of a new book of criticism, *An End to Innocence*. F. K. KARMATZ is a former editor of *The Chicago Review*.

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THEATRE

NE of the current topics of conversa-on in New York is Paddy Chayefsky, e first writer, I imagine, whose works ve been adapted, not *to*, but *from*, V. Nor is this fact all that is remark-ble about the film *Marty* and the play *iddle of the Night*. Mr. Chayefsky aws on the everyday life of New York ith so much ease and eager interest, ou could believe for a moment that no ne had ever been familiar with New ork before. He has his eyes and ears pen, he enjoys a lot of what he sees, ears, and he has the talent to communi-ate some of the enjoyment and many of he facts. Some of his humorous sallies —such as when the young husband in *larty* bawls out his wife for her lunches ut of cans and cellophane—are worthy f Odets. Nor, any more than Odets, re they merely literal transcripts of fe. They are often closer to the comic rip. If a man says once: "That Mickie billane, boy, he sure can write," you n rest assured he'll say it three times. nd, at his worst, Mr. Chayefsky will st give a character a tag-line like: Vhat the hell?"

is perhaps in the nature of the se that the film would be far superior the play, for the talent of Mr. Chay-sky is wholly journalistic, and the mera is a better reporter of external cts than the stage will ever be. If Ir. Chayefsky's mentality is not to other you, you need the constantly busy amera to keep your attention fixed on he streets, bars, kitchens, and bedrooms of Manhattan. In the role of a John Gunther "inside New York," Mr. Chay-efsky is charmingly successful. Another valid comparison would be with De Sica, for *Marty* conveys a similar sense of relaxed identification with lower-class metropolitan life, not without a similar romanticism about it. Enjoining these things, you are prepared not to probe beneath the surface—until you see *Middle of the Night*, Mr. Chayefsky's play about a middle-aged widower (Edward G. Robinson) who woos and wins a married woman of 24.

Even then you may like what you find, provided only that your demands on the theatre are quite different from mine. What do you go to the theatre for? To recognize things out of the life you left behind you? To say of this actor; "He's just like Mr. Jones across the way," and of that: "Just like my husband!" and of this speech or the other one: "Just what mother always says!"? It is true that our theatre expends a lot of energy engineering such recognitions; and perhaps one day—1984?—drama will consist of absolutely nothing else. If so, Mr. Chayefsky is riding the wave of the future.

That he is certainly riding the wave of the present is best proved from the thematic substance of his works. Are you lonely? Plain? A little old, now, for marriage? Have you fallen in love with a man old enough to be your father? Or can't you manage to fall in love at all? Is your potency on the wane now you're past 50? Do you find call-girls sordid yet fail to find a satisfying alternative? As I think back to *Middle of the Night*, I have it all mixed up, somehow, with memories of "Mr. Anthony" on the radio years ago or Norman Vincent Peale in a magazine the other day. "Now tell me: do you think it'd be right for me to break with my husband?" "My dear, that is a question only you can answer." But I think this Shakespearean retort was uttered by Edward G. Robinson in reply to the leading lady. The whole play is like that except that, later on, Mr. Robinson stops being cagey and answers all questions, including the question: what is love? I am not going to reveal what his answers are. You can guess: for this author can be relied upon to tell you what you want to hear. *What you want to hear, not what a given character would say*: that is the formula. Or, one might express it, he doesn't write characters, he writes audiences.

When an author writes with his audience, not his characters, in mind, his writing is necessarily all calculation and contrivance. Which is why Mr. Chayefsky's intended eulogy to average humanity doesn't work out—or, rather, why the averageness works out, and not the humanity. Perhaps this is as it should be for the playwright of the age—this age of salesmanship, of what Riesman calls "outer direction," of conformity and uniformity. The idea of an "average man" is valid enough in certain fields—"the average man fills so many cans of garbage a day," etc. But much as we all love our average man, none of us will confess to *being* him: whatever our weakness, we feel too full of freedom and possibility to accept the title; and the artist, pre-occupied with such feelings, is interested precisely in the non-averageness even of the person stigmatized as average. Perhaps, outside his plays, Mr. Chayefsky would be unmodern enough to support the artist in this (for one deplores in him the abuse, not the absence, of intelligence); but, inside the plays, we truly get the average and not the unique, the preachment and not the truth, the facts and not the life of the facts.

The relation of such a play to performance is an annoying one. It is true that fine actors have always appeared in false and rubbishy plays But the falsehood of, say, Sarah Bernhardt's vehicles by Sardou and the rest was overt and involved no deception: the falsehood of melodrama is even enjoyed as such. Since the rise of realism, human falsity can be wrapped up in facts and offered as genuine, realism being the vehicle of unreality. So here with Edward G. Robinson in *Middle of the Night*. Delmore Schwartz was saying recently that the acted emotions of Julie Harris went far beyond the written emotions of John Steinbeck; and Paddy Chayefsky owes it to Mr. Robinson, whose acting is wonderfully weighty as well as full of apt detail, that people will think there is a *man* in his play. There is a more cheerful way of looking at it: the stage is a form in which some of an author's deficiencies may be made good by actors. Out of a few rather empty lines Anne Jackson and Martin Balsam build handsome histrionic creations. Miss Jackson is one of the most skillful actresses we have.

Joshua Logan directed the actors well, though he had a heroine with whom no directing could do very much, and this author brings out Logan's weaknesses as much as his strength; for Logan too tends to make a fetish of the audience, and consequently to insult it with unworthy devices—such as, in this case, imitation-TV captions and imitation-TV background music.

ERIC BENTLEY

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TELEVISION

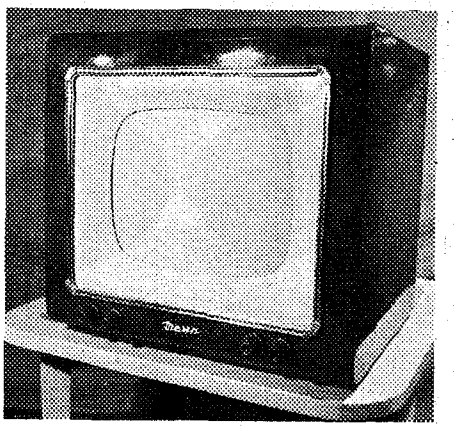
IN the same way that the Russians have surprised us with their aircraft output—and their agility in this year's Olympic games—they will probably astonish us with their cultural program, particularly in the field of mass communications.

The Soviets are now in the midst of a television boom, having produced enough sets in the last few years to rank behind only the US and Great Britain. At present, the Soviet Union has eight TV centers (playing to about 5 million sets as compared to more than 45 million sets here), and TV centers are being constructed in about eight more cities spread across the country.

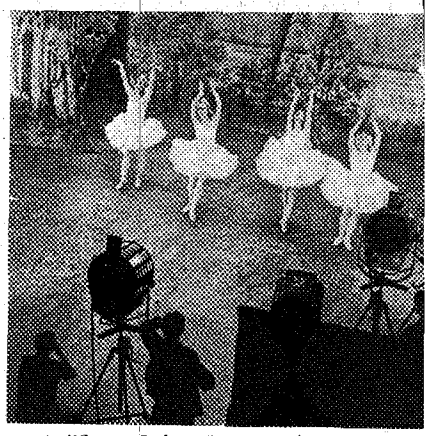
From what limited information is available, the moderately paid worker in the telecasting areas can afford to buy a handsome looking set with a 17-inch screen even with his relatively low rate of pay. A TV set costs about $325 in American dollars, and although the average worker's salary is about $30 per week, only 1/6 of his pay goes for taxes, his rent is cheap, and his health and social security costs are almost non-existent. So with few other luxuries available to him, by scrimping the worker can save enough to buy a set for himself. The worker and his family, once they have their set installed in their one room apartment, are likely to find television a greater source of information and entertainment than they have ever known before.

The hours when programs are telecast are limited since nearly everyone in a family is employed at some occupation. Programs for children begin at two p.m. and continue until five p.m.; programs for agricultural workers are televised from five until six. After this follows an hour of silence in which people may eat in peace. Daily evening telecasts average about four hours, from seven until eleven. On Saturday evening viewers are given an extra hour, and on Sunday a full eight hours of programs are available, usually including a ballet, concert, or an opera. Of course, there are no commercials.

Amazingly enough, the majority of the telecasts appear to be designed for entertainment rather than outright political indoctrination. Naturally, homeland writers write pro-homeland plays, but quite often the problems in the plays presented are social and geographical rather than political. Films (including a weekly telenewscast), live drama, and musicals are the mainstay of the schedule, but sports, concerts, socio-political talks and popular science programs are also shown. A good many programs are televised directly from lecture halls, laboratories, and stadiums.



A Russian TV Receiver



A "Swan Lake" Telecast in Moscow

The most popular are those that would roughly compare to the programs put on by our own Educational Television — musical - education, scientific - education, and literary talks are given by eminent persons in academic and scientific fields, augmented by slide illustrations and film shots. The directors of the various Russian TV centers claim their aim is primarily to provide entertainment and to enlighten their people on foreign cultures. Soviet TV is undoubtedly a useful propaganda instrument; as it now stands, however, it is being used to acquaint Russians with other cultures as well There is a considerable exchange o films, particularly of travelogues, be tween Soviet centers and foreign nations In spite of the bitter diplomatic clashe between the US and the Soviet Union the official attitude is one of solicitud towards other cultures, including tha of the US, as the recent import of *Porg and Bess* illustrates. Of the importe films, many are English films with Rus sian dubbed in.

From all indications, at least on th level of popular culture, the Russians a rapidly absorbing Western ideas an techniques of presentation into their cu tural program. With much larger fun available to Soviet TV centers than a available to our own ETV stations (us ally supported by a university, city, foundation), don't be surprised if in few years the Russian worker from some where west of the Urals knows mor about US History or literature than th US worker from central Illinois.

F. N. KARMAT

A Russian Jazz Band in Action

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Stevenson's Candidacy

SIRS:

Many, many thanks for your comment the comments of *The Reporter* and *The Nation,* pertaining to the candidacy Adlai Stevenson (*NR,* Jan. 16, Feb. 6). Why they would be content to ride on e tail of a comet rather than clearing e way is certainly not understandable one who is by no means an intellecal but one who has faith in the intellect d ability of Mr. Stevenson, and who, course, has enjoyed reading *The Reorter.*

Thank you again for your foresight d your willingness to "stick your neck it" on the candidacy of Mr. Stevenson.

FARRAR ARMSTRONG

rmingham, Ala.

. . . "committing political suicide"

In a letter appearing in *The New Reblic* (February 13), John Knecht exsses a "liberal's reluctance" to support dlai Stevenson.

f Mr. Knecht hasn't heard Adlai venson express himself emphatically public housing, Dixon-Yates, the seity program, and foreign economic —just to mention a few of the issues listed in his letter—then he hasn't en following Stevenson's public utterces very carefully during the past nths.

If we liberals lost faith in Stevenson . . we will be committing political icide; for we won't end up with a efauver or a Harriman, neither of hom has enough party-wide support to t the nomination, but with a candidate ch as Frank Lausche.

I am sure that Mr. Knecht will really e afflicted with a "liberal's reluctance" he has to make a choice next fall beween a Frank Lausche and a Richard ixon.

MARION BARNHOLTZ

niversity City, Missouri

. . . "the race question"

As a subscriber, I've enjoyed the conroversy over your commitment to Adlai tevenson.

I'm wondering what your reaction will be now that Adlai so plainly equivocated on the race question in his Portland speech. . . .

WILLIAM H. FISHER

Las Vegas, New Mexico

► Have We Had More Freedom?

SIRS:

John P. Roche's articles (*NR,* Jan. 23, 30, Feb. 6) seem very reassuring with respect to our civil liberties until one begins to think. I would like to enter a demurrer. . . . Who can imagine Robert Ingersoll declaiming today from public platforms? Who today may talk of socialism with the freedom he did as a college student—or teacher—40 years ago? We may have more freedom today to diverge slightly from local or popular mores, but do we have more right to debate fundamental changes? . . .

The real estate racket is unconscionable and unnecessary, but can one say so? Insurance would be cheaper by a third, at least, if in government hands, but can one preach a doctrine? . . . We may be protected somewhat from the prejudices of our neighbors, but we are becoming slaves to the consistent and persistent, well-financed and publicized pressure of more dangerous forces.

RICHARD ASHMAN

New Orleans, La.

► The Food Situation

SIRS:

Unlike your correspondent from Aldie, Virginia, Haldore Hanson, I can't get too alarmed about the plight of the poor farmer. The various articles I've read comparing the average farmer's income with that of the average factory worker all imply the farmer should get more cash than the man with the lunch pail. And they all ignore the fact that when the farmer earns $4,000 a year that is over and above a good share of his food and all of his housing costs. A worker who rents has to lay out about 25 percent of his yearly income for the landlord. If he's buying a home his payments come to about the same or a little more.

Something is radically wrong with a national farm program that results in warehouses full of eggs in powdered form while the worker hesitates in the grocery store to buy a dozen because the price is so high. The same goes for butter, which I understand the government is hoarding and giving away abroad while millions of our own people find butter priced out of their reach and use margerine instead. It's the same story with most of the basic foodstuffs. The farmers are producing so efficiently that we could be living in an era of abundance. But we're not, because the distribution is faulty, the profits to middlemen are high, and the price to the consumer is way out of line. And we, the workers, are taxed to maintain this *status quo.*

Instead of worrying about the farmer, we might wrinkle our brows a little over the antics of the so-called leaders who concoct outrageous schemes that solve nothing.

RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . "nonmoney income"

There is a misunderstanding here. Government statistics on farm income include an estimate for "nonmoney income" such as free rent and food consumed. For example, the Department of Agriculture's *Farm Income Situation,* October 31, 1955, shows a national average of $2,316 net income per farm, including $694 "nonmoney income." Cash income averaged about $1,600. There weren't many families sending their children to college on that.

HALDORE HANSON

Aldie, Virginia

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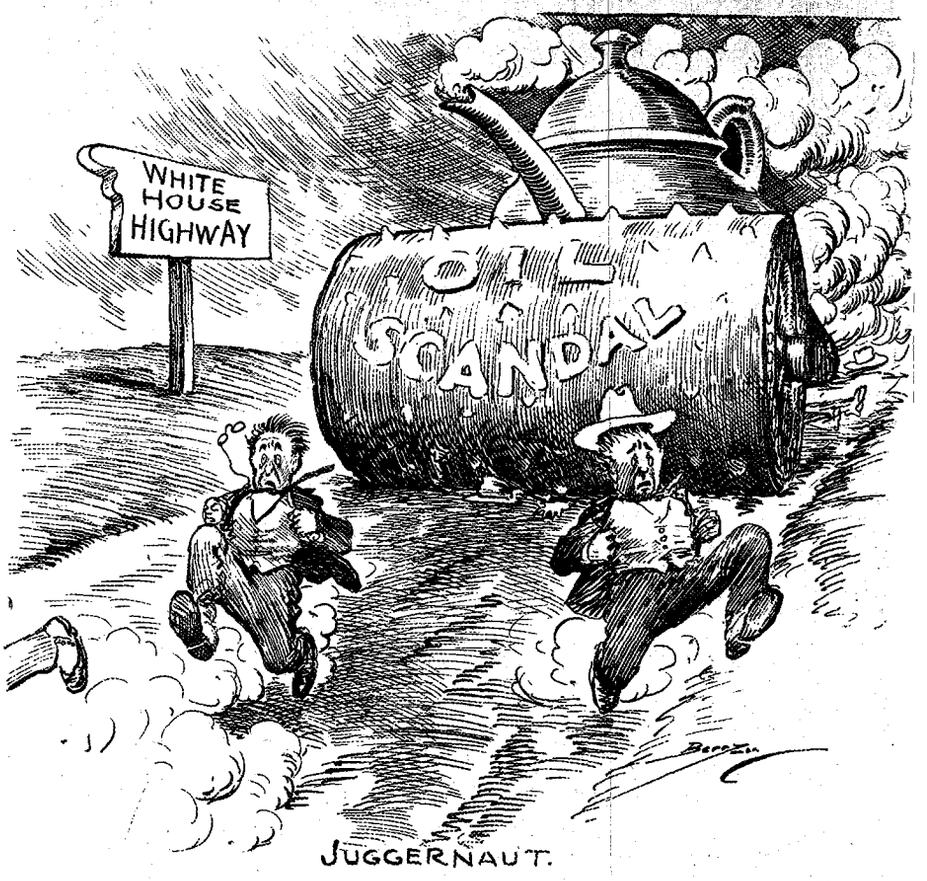

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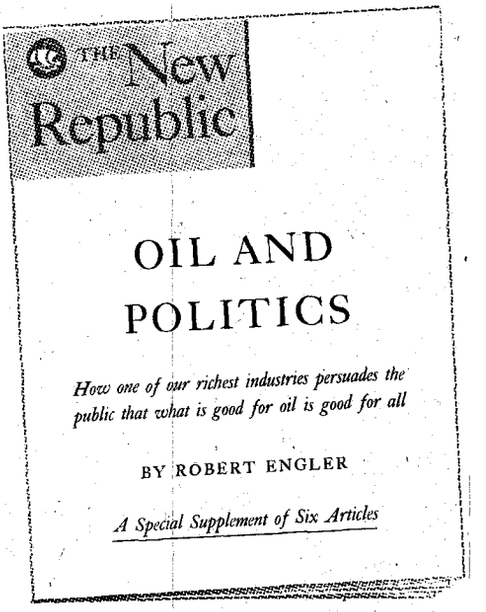
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